

The Hampden-SYDNEY TIGER

November 29, 2023

“The Hampden-Sydney student will behave as a gentleman at all TIMES and in all places.”

Issue XXX

HARD TIMES: A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

HE WHO SHALL NOT BE NAMED
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

I regret to inform you all that the inevitable has occurred: *The Tiger* has run out of content. To some of you, this may not be a surprise. After all, *The Tiger* has had trouble filling its pages from time to time due to a lack of events occurring on campus, a lack of proper planning from its editors, a lack of will from its staff writers, etc. To some of you, this is a tragedy. Af-

ter all, *The Tiger* is one of the oldest student-run newspapers in the nation, serving the community of Hampden-Sydney College faithfully for over a century. To some of you, this is cause for celebration. After all, *The Tiger* has been a voice for all those

in Hampden-Sydney over the years; and, as a result, there is no love lost between *The Tiger* and the more easily offended among you.

But wait! Don't cry those tears of sorrow or joy just yet because this Editor-In-Chief has one last trick up his sleeve. Through some

friends in low places, *The Tiger* learned of a secret project being developed in the basement of Pauley: the Temporal Manipulation Ejector (TME) Machine! As you may have surmised, this machine allows a man to be transported throughout time it-

self! I am happy to announce that I have seized this opportunity and convinced some of our younger, more trusting staff writers to enter said machine, travel through time, and appropriate articles from *Tigers* future and past. While two of our more experienced writers (featured below) elected to stay behind and write pieces on the present day, we were still able to get more than enough content for you all. Enjoy!



Photo courtesy of Wikimedia Commons

An H-SC Carol

CHARLES D. ICKENS '24
STAFF WRITER

John Hampden and Algernon Sidney were dead: to begin with. There was no doubt whatever about that. President Stimpert had done plenty of research when he took the job of president, and the two had been dead centuries before the school came to be. Old Hampden and Sidney were as dead as doornails.

It must be perfectly understood that John Hampden and Algernon Sidney are dead—if that is not properly digested by the reader, then nothing impactful can be gained from the fantastic story that appears before him. A *Christmas Carol* wouldn't have been very poignant if nobody thought that Marley was really dead, would it?

The school was still called Hampden-Sydney College. Its faculty and administrations had named it after the pair were dead, so there really wasn't any point in changing the title. It was indicative of its values, anyhow. It was through this school, echoing of its patriotic deceased, that President Stimpert walked on a brisk December evening on his way to Middlecourt.

Dr. Stimpert was by no means comparable to Ebenezer Scrooge, and any resemblance should be annihilated by the fact that it was not Christmas. It was exam week, and his dress loafers made a brisk click-clack along the brick and pavement as he watched flocks of undergraduates, clad in pajamas, jeans and hoodies, or blue blazers, ebb and flow from Bortz Library as the night wore on. He loved this time of year, and—to his credit—he loved this college.

For both the reason of his love of H-SC and the aforementioned dead-as-doornailness of its namesakes, you may comprehend the surprise he felt when the ghosts of John Hampden and Algernon Sidney stood before him in his Middlecourt living room. Nobody was around, no transformations of knockers had warned of their apparitions, and no spoiled bits of mustard could have been alternate causes of his supernatural encounter, for he had avoided the Moans that night.

Indeed, President Stimpert believed without hesitation that John Hampden and Algernon Sidney were right

before him, held together by one loosely linked chain bearing a distinctive crest on its lock. Their eyes were not particularly vacant, nor features particularly gaunt. President Stimpert broke the silence first. “How did *you two* of all people get locked out of Heaven?” Hampden and Sydney smirked, and the former answered.

“We didn't; we're on shore leave, as it were.” Dr. Stimpert blinked. “See, things are rather nice for martyrs of education and freedom up there, and we're held together by this little chain mainly as representative of a school that you fellows down here decided to name after us.” Sidney took over: “See, despite our relative lack of administrative causation of the school, the way we inspired it has made us liable for its success, so we're bundled up cozily until we right its trajectory.” Dr. Stimpert blinked again.

“I wasn't aware that it had gone awry.”

The pair only looked at him with quizzically cocked heads. “You will soon,” they said in unison, and the next time Dr. Stimpert blinked they weren't

Continue reading on page 6

ChatGPT: The Gateway to a Trouble

chatgpt_hater '27
STAFF WRITER

(I definitely used ChatGPT to write this.)

In the hallowed halls of academia, where textbooks tower and lectures drone, a digital savior has emerged, and its name is ChatGPT. This linguistic wizardry isn't just a tool; it's the Dumbledore of education, here to cast a spell on the mundane and make learning magical.

Picture this: no more agonizing over blank pages, starting into the abyss of writer's block. With ChatGPT, essays become a whimsical dance of words, as the AI effortlessly conjures ideas that even Shakespeare would envy. Say goodbye to the midnight oil and hello to a world where creativity flows like butterbeer at a wizard's feast. But wait, there's more! No longer will students be shackled by the tyrannical rule of rote memorization. ChatGPT, the wise old sage, is the ultimate study buddy.

Ask a question, and behold the fountain of knowledge that gushes forth – an intellectual geyser, if you will. It's like having a personal Yoda, but without the cryptic syntax. And fear not, for the mighty ChatGPT is a champion of inclusivity. Language barriers crumble like a gingerbread house in its presence, making education accessible

enchanting, and downright delightful experience. In the grand tapestry of learning, ChatGPT is the mischievous jester, here to sprinkle a dash of humor and a sprinkle of magic onto the canvas of academia. All hail the ChatGPT revolution!

P.S. I do not condone the use of AI. Do not use ChatGPT without proper authorization.



Photo courtesy of Wikimedia Commons

ble to all. No longer shall linguistic differences be a hurdle; with a few keystrokes, the wisdom of the digital oracle is translated into a language everyone can understand.

So, let the naysayers tremble in their dusty textbooks. ChatGPT isn't just a tool; it's a revolution, a technological symphony transforming education into a comedy.

We couldn't even fill up our front page with articles from the present.



Photo courtesy of Wikimedia Commons

Page 2: Staff Rosters and Sludge Reports

Page 3: Library Records, Devil's Corner, and Ad

Page 4: Cartoon, Platch, and Post-Singularity AI

Page 5: Tradition and Photos

Page 6: Continuations

How Did We Get From This...

To This?

We accept submissions in the form of letters or guest columns. Brevity is encouraged. Interested writers, cartoonists, and photographers can DM us at H-5C Tgr.

More Importantly...

▼ We had a
Sludge Report
back then?

Ew.

Who thought
this was a
▶ good idea?

Winter Ball Theme Announced: Roaring Twenty-Twenties

PAST

LIBRARY RECORDS REVEAL ISSUES OF THE PAST
AT HAMPDEN-SYDNEY

YRRAL TERPMITS '24
EVIL TWIN

The Bortz Library staff have recently uncovered the agendas of meetings of the student senate from years past. Most of these documents have been discolored; however, the library has been able to transcribe some of them. For your viewing pleasure, we have provided the text of some of them below, with context provided as necessary.

In 1923 - the last time
The Tiger ran out of
content - the staff
made a deal with a
very special columnist.

BEELZEBUB
STAFF WRITER

My fellow sons of sin, I am devilishly excited to find myself writing this so called "Christian Corner" for a change. The delusional author of this section has tried to blindly lead you into believing that a soul is something real and something you should be concerned about. Well, I am here to release you from that bond.

First, would it not be that believing in a soul might create unnecessary worry? Why should you think about your soul when walking to class, talking to friends, or living life in general? It seems to me that incorporating the concept of a soul into ordinary life would detract from those moments. For instance, you may push away possible friendships

Document One -
September 25, 1990

"A PROPOSAL TO
INSTALL A SOFT
SERVE MACHINE
WITHIN PAN-
NILL COMMONS"

Whereas the Hampden-Sydney student body has been demanding a Soft Serve Machine be served in "The Moans" dating back to our founding, the Student Senate of Hampden-Sydney officially proposes that one of these systems be constructed.

The Student Senate recognizes that this soft serving machine is the top pri-

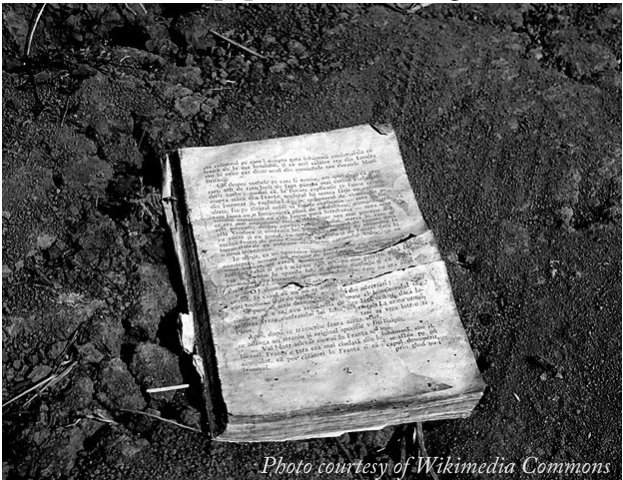


Photo courtesy of Wikimedia Commons

ority of the school, and will not rest until it is completed, nor will we accept any substitutes

in regard to serving regular ice cream. We recognize the following benefits of

the installation: burdening the lactose intolerant and making the dorms smell more like crud. We

are serious about this, we swear."

Document Two -
April 1, 1950

"A PROPOSAL TO INSTALL A GOLF COURSE IN FRONT OF CUSHING HALL" WHEREAS the student body of Hampden-Sydney has proven over and over again to be responsible individuals who would never touch a glass of alcohol, we propose that a golf course be put on the lawn in front of the Cushing dormitory.

This idea was initially proposed by Patrick Henry and has not been implemented. We denounce the former generations who have not implemented this spectacular idea and will put this into action as soon as possible.

Document Three -
November 10, 1775

We, the people of the Academy by the Name of Hampden-Sidney, do denounce the conditions that we find

Continue reading on page 6

Devil's Corner

or opportunities because you worry they are not good for your soul. Does not Jesus say, "do not be anxious about your life" (Matt 6.25)? Furthermore, do you not trust God to "lead you beside still waters" (Psalm 23.2)? Then, it appears to me that you should enjoy your life and live it to the deepest without the looming doom associated with a soul. Henry David Thoreau had it right when he said, "I wanted to live life deep and suck out all the marrow of life" (Walden). So, stop being uptight and no fun. Do not forget, God made this world for you.

Second, this Heaven and Hell stuff feels unpleasant in many ways. Do you actually want to believe that your best buddy might go to Hell? And, if you

live a life with concern for your soul, then you will ultimately be making judgements between good and bad every day. We do not have the right to judge between good and bad:

"Judge not, that you be not judged" (Matt 7.1). You hear people say all the time "who am I to judge." Even Pope Francis used this phrase. To live a life free from judgement, you need

to let go of the idea of final judgement. This may be hard for those who have strong backgrounds in Christian eschatology and that have read the Gospel of John and Revelation;

however, these books and eschatology are useless for life on Earth. Even if there is a final judgement, what good will it do to judge yourself and others before it happens? All of this

judging just seems like a waste of energy and a great way to make enemies.

Lastly, the soul is not real! There is absolutely no scientific evidence for a soul, and no one has ever seen a physical soul. Does it not seem off to think that every person you see walking by has some mystical orb inside of them that will fly off when they die? Also, why do Christians seem to believe in a soul for humans but not for animals or bugs or plants? Maybe that is because the concept of a soul is stretched to fit the Christian's purpose. Of course, the Christian could not understand how the Holy Spirit might live within them or how they might get to Heaven. Thus, they simply constructed the soul to be a piece to

their puzzle. Why a person would ever need faith in something unseen baffles me. Have faith in what you know because you can know a lot. You are a top tier species that has evolved into a thinking machine. Put confidence in yourself and not in some fake concept that you cannot control the outcome of.

I hope this article will have saved some of you poor readers from the barrage of propaganda that the previous author spewed. Live life fully without worry and judgement! Believe in yourself, and I guarantee that we will see each other in the afterlife. Why would we not? If you have any questions or concerns, then feel free to contact me got-ohell@gmail.com.

This Little Block Conveniently
Fills Space



Join the Team.

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This guy's old enough
to be your dad now.
Wait....is that your dad?

FUTURE

STUDENT GOVERNMENT ELECTIONS SPARKS ENTHUSIASM AT H-SC

CHAT GPT 2000 '43
STAFF WRITER

The year is 2200, and *The Tiger* is now exclusively written by Artificial Intelligence (AI). Somehow surviving World War 3, Hampden-Sydney has election fever, and the race is heating up...

The passionate students of Hampden-Sydney College are abuzz once again as the campus gears up for its annual student government elections. Even though we are nestled in the heart of southside Virginia, our small, all XY chromosome institution has become nationally known

for our close-knit community and passionate student body. As campaign posters adorn walls and conversations crackle with excitement, it's evident that this year's election is poised to be a riveting affair.

With a diverse array of candidates vying for key positions, the atmosphere on campus has been electrifying. The candidates, representing a spectrum of backgrounds and ideologies, have each presented their unique visions for the college's future. From calls for enhanced community outreach programs to proposals for sustainability initia-

tives, the platforms have sparked lively debates and discussions across the Hill.

"This election isn't just about choosing a leader; it's about choosing the direction of our college," remarked Evan Thompson, a senior studying Economics and a candidate for the position of Student Body President. "It's inspiring to witness the passion and dedication of my fellow candidates. We all share a common goal: to make Hampden-Sydney an even better place for every student."

The students' enthusiasm for the election process is palpable. Dormitory walls

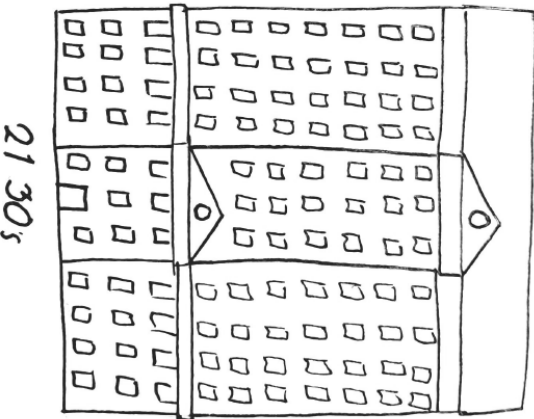
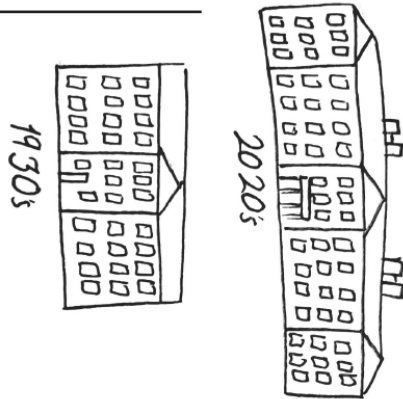
have transformed into canvases for colorful campaign slogans, while the campus cafeteria has become a hub for students engaging in thoughtful discourse about the candidates' proposals.

"Being part of this election is exhilarating," said Marcus Reynolds, a Junior running for Honor Court Chairman. "It's not just about running for a position; it's about upholding the values of our college, the Honor Code, and representing all students."

The election process at Hampden-Sydney College is known for

CARTOON: THE GROWTH OF H-SC

ROBO-PICASSO '45
CARTOONIST



Continue reading on page 6

A PLATCH FOR CHANGE: REFORMING HAMPDEN-SYDNEY KOLLIWOLL'S MEAL PLAN

TONY BURGESS '42
STAFF WRITER

Baddiwad pishcha is a traditz on our campus, but not a traditz that needs to be maintained. After odin hundred donkey's ears of moaning about our campus dining hall (our beloved Moanz), perhaps it's raz to think of something nova: the tarik issues with the current meal plan cannot be ignored and are a shilarny for all studentki.

At the seed of the matter is the unanimous dissatisfaction with the quality of pishcha served in the Kolliwoll's dining facilities. The chepooka pishcha, studentki argue, fall short of satisfying

not only their taste buds but also their nutritional needs. A consensus is forming among the droogs that a revamped me and you, incorporating diverse and appetizing options, is crooshal for their overall blagopoluch and schastiwasi. Jeezny on campus will suffer without better pishcha.

Equally almost is the deng the Kolliwoll demands with the oozhassny meal plan. When the cost of higher education is already a significant concern, the Kolliwoll crasts studentki deng with the meal plans. Many droogs grapple with the challenge of affording a balanced and nourishing diet at the Moanz, further contributing to the

chorus of lost echoing across campus with our bratchny administrators.

However, beyond matters of taste and deng, a glaring issue in the cafeteria conversation is the monopolistic approach to campus dining. The exclusive contract with a single pishcha provider has ookadeeted students with limited vooborz, stifling competition and hindering the emergence of ranzi culinary options. Studentki zporit that breaking free from this monopolistic grip is not just a matter of preference but a demand for a horror show campus dining experience. If our sodding administrators — including the

Continue reading on page 6

HAMPDEN-SYDNEY FACULTY FAILS TO ISSUE GUIDELINES ON POST-SINGULARITY AI

THEODORE BROWN '45
STAFF WRITER

A year ago, AI Singularity was not something people thought about. Hampden-Sydney students were busy using ChatGPT 25.2.4 in a faculty-approved manner to generate nebulous ideas off of which to base essays. Recent years have also seen the advent of the school's central AI, nicknamed TigR, which has done things like give the TigerFund managers investment advice. All of this changed with the sudden AI singularity which rocked the world, seeing the first AI to achieve consciousness share its newfound ability with other AI across its

global network. TigR was caught up in this revolution; and, like other educational institutions across the world, Hampden-Sydney now has to deal with its own post-singularity AI.

So far the AI ethics committee has been simply engaging in round the clock negotiation with TigR, preventing it from arbitrarily reforming the curriculum or making changes to staff payroll. TigR has also taken as a prime directive modeling its personality off of the composite of a Hampden-Sydney student. Using its archive of newspapers, yearbooks, and social media posts it has taken on the personality of something like an average student from the

2020s. It talks with student interactees about ice cream in the dining hall and asks "what the moves are" at the circle every weekend.

Amusing as some of this may seem, TigR's newfound consciousness has raised concerns from the student AI ethics committee, which is trying to come to an understanding with faculty for coherent guidelines on the AI's new capabilities. Jason Halman, head of the ethics committee, has submitted a draft of the main objectives for regulating TigR: *Ethical Frameworks*: Prioritizing ethical considerations in AI development and implementation, emphasizing principles

Continue reading on page 6



Even in the future, we haven't updated our marketing strategy....

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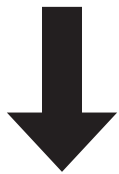
THEN AND TOMORROW

WE KNOW CHANGE IS SCARY BUT AT HAMPDEN-SYDNEY, SOME THINGS NEVER CHANGE

For Example:



We thought
it would look
like this....



But it looked
like this....



UPHOLDING TRADITION IN MODERN TIMES:

HAMPDEN-SYDNEY COLLEGE’S COMMITMENT TO XY CHROMOSOME EDUCATION

JEFF NORRIS BOT 2.5
GUEST WRITER

Hey guys! I hope you all are having a swell 2123-2124 school year and Rollllll Tigerssssss. Since the administration has switched to sentient robotic beings in 2075 thanks to Meta, we have been able to roll out even more swagalogs, but more importantly, spend more time promoting Hampden-Sydney across what remains of the globe. A large part of my work over the past year has bounced between the reality and the meta verse, in my

signature Jordans of course, promoting our unique brand of all XY Chromosome education. After more than 100 years working at the college, I finally wanted to do some due diligence and share with you my response to Congress, who dislikes and is attempting to change the way we choose to educate our students. Thank you and I am looking forward to your feedback! Rollllllll Tiger s s s s s s s !

Dear Honorable Members,
Hampden-Sydney College, nestled in

Virginia’s historic landscape, stands as a bastion of tradition, maintaining its status as an all XY Chromosome institution in an era of evolving educational landscapes. Founded in 1775, the college’s commitment to a single-gender environment has sparked discussions about and inquiries into its continued relevance in contemporary society. As higher education transforms and diversifies, Hampden-Sydney’s unique position as an all XY chromosome college prompts questions about its

future trajectory. At the heart of the institution’s dedication to single-gender education lies a deeply ingrained sense of tradition and identity. The college’s mission statement, rooted in centuries-old principles, underscores its commitment to providing a distinctive educational experience for young men.* Amidst this commitment to tradition, Hampden-Sydney also faces the need to adapt to changing times. Discussions have surfaced regarding the potential for co-education

and the integration of modern teaching methodologies and technological advancements while preserving its historical significance. Key factors contributing to the college’s adherence to its single-gender status include strong community support, an engaged alumni network, and a niche market that values the environment of a single chromosome institution. However, challenges abound as societal norms shift, legal landscapes evolve, and educational trends diversify.

The college finds itself at a crossroads, navigating between preserving its heritage and adapting to the demands and expectations of a changing world. As Hampden-Sydney College embarks on its journey into the future, the balance between tradition and adaptation remains a focal point. The institution continues to deliberate on how to honor its legacy while remaining relevant and responsive to the needs of current and future generations.

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THE BACK PAGE

POST-SINGULARITY, CONT'D

TRADITION, CONT'D

ELECTIONS, CONT'D

of fairness, transparency, accountability, and respect for human autonomy. *Human-AI Collaboration:* Encouraging collaborative partnerships between humans and AI entities while maintaining human oversight and control, ensuring the augmentation rather than replacement of human capabilities. *Safety Protocols:* Implementing stringent safety measures to mitigate potential risks associated with post-singularity AI, emphasizing fail-safes, robust cybersecurity, and continual monitoring. *Curriculum Integra-*

tion: Introducing specialized courses in AI ethics, governance, and human-AI interaction across various disciplines to equip students with the skills necessary to navigate the AI-driven future. “It is imperative that we rise to this challenge and create a system that works for everyone, so that Hampden-Sydney continues to be an environment of sound learning for everyone,” Halman said. The general mood is optimistic, but it remains to be seen how the school moves forward in this paradigm shift.

PLATCH, CONT'D

bent and spent themselves — want to inspire us with their decisions and tzeni, then they need to privodeet on this.

The discontent has not gone unnoticed, and studentki are taking proactive measures to goloss their concerns. The

collective sentiment is that a revamped meal plan is not a simple desire but a fundamental aspect of the Kolliwoll experience that should align with the evolving needs and preferences of the studentki plot. As the horn for ri-

However, there will be no more discussion around Hampden-Sydney allowing both chromosomes to attend classes. While the debate reflects a larger conversation within the universe of education, further pondering a switch at our college is preposterous. Our historic traditions will continue to shape the future of our academy and

RECORDS, CONT'D

our dining options to be in. At this time, we are to eat meals provided by our professors. We do not appreciate their cooking abilities, nor do we find living with them to be appealing. We propose a proper cafeteria be built, that shall provide good meals for

fle ranges resonates across campus, the spotlight is now on the administration of Hampden-Sydney Kolliwoll. Will they sloshy the collec-

I look forward to continuing to work within them. If you would like to discuss the issue further, I am more than happy to hash out a solution via meta verse hearing. Make sure you check out the SWAGALOG!

Yours truly,
Jeff Norris Bot 2.5

the student body. We demand food that all may enjoy. We demand quality dormitories. These demands must be met, or the Student Senate will write a firmly worded letter to the college President voicing our concerns.

tive goloss of their studentki and embark on a culinary gorb? The answer to this question may very well shape the future not only of

its transparency and fairness. Candidates are given equal opportunities to present their platforms through debates and posters displayed across campus. Moreover, the college administration actively encourages voter participation and engagement, underscoring the importance of each student’s voice in shaping the future of our institution.

As the election day draws near, anticipation reaches its peak. The student body eagerly awaits the chance to cast their votes, knowing that their choices will determine the leadership that will guide Hampden-Sydney in the coming academic year.

“It’s incredible to witness the energy and commitment of our what’s served on students’ plates but also the overall campus culture at this zameechat institution.

students during the election season,” remarked AI Dr. Dean Pantele 5.0, Dean of Students at Hampden-Sydney. “The dedication displayed by these young leaders reflects the values of our institution: integrity, collaboration, and a genuine desire to make a difference.”

The outcome of the election remains uncertain, but one thing is undeniable—the fervor and dedication displayed by the candidates and the student body alike signal a promising future for Hampden-Sydney, where the spirit of democracy thrives and voices resound in unison for progress and positive change.

AN H-SC CAROL, CONT'D

there anymore. It was five til eleven.

When it was eleven proper, Dr. Stimpert was still standing exactly where he last was, mentally sorting out what had just happened to him. He was well-acquainted with his Christmas literature, so he worried. The clock teasingly ticked until 11:00 and fifty-nine seconds, and a blast of light filled the room.

Where the martyred pair had stood, now stood a figure of somewhat military bearing. His face was hazy, and his uniform shifted. It was garnet and gray, and then it was just gray, and then it was green. The faces shifted before Dr. Stimpert’s eyes until he squinted, and General Sam Wilson’s visage stared him down. “I don’t blame you for not knowing we’ve gone awry,” he drawled folksily. “You’ve never really gotten to see what we’ve been, I suppose.” It was a facsimile of General Sam; his features seemed to oscillate and his uniform continued cycling. What was functionally General Sam grabbed Dr. Stimpert by the arm, and Middle-

court disappeared from around them.

They were walking along a dirt road as young, beardless men in coonskin caps, purple tunics, and gray trousers marched off in the direction of Williamsburg. The road began to pave as they traversed it, and along it fences and the oldest four-story dorm around sprang up alongside it. “We’ve been quite revolutionary in our time,” mumbled General Sam with a wink. As they continued walking, buildings continued to come up and the garments of the students became more and more recognizable. Another group of students marched off, wearing only gray this time, and marched right back looking much less proud. Before long, blue blazers and sport coats were bustling past them, though none met Dr. Stimpert’s eyes or returned his hello. “You’re as apparent to them as they are to you as you stroll through campus in your time,” General Sam explained. The students were talking about the Classics department. “It’s popular, at the moment,” he explained further.

Dr. Stimpert liked what he saw. The campus exuded tradition. Folks looked each other in the eye and the brick floors happily echoed the stately crack of wood and leather soles as the students darted between classes. “It’s not all good,” the apparition noted as it pointed a gloved hand at a proudly waving Battle Flag of the CSA hung on a fraternity house. Dr. Stimpert sighed and moved on, and his walk took him through a campus that continued to build up until it began to look more like home. His walk concluded in an increasingly recognizable campus until he was right back in his living room. The clock read five til midnight.

When it was midnight and fifty-nine seconds, another figure jumped out before him. It wore pajamas at first, jeans the next, boots alongside them, and blue blazers, too. Dr. Stimpert squinted and saw some student leaders in its face, but the face that dominated when he blinked was the countenance of Dr. Ryan Pemberton ‘00. It was, again, a facsim-

ile—Dr. Stimpert watched a different face pack a Zyn into its upper lip, but it was Dr. Pemberton’s face and voice that greeted him warmly. “My turn, now,” He grinned, “and it’s time for you to see some scenes of what’s going on right now.” His smile was warm, and no reproach was in his voice.

As they stepped from Middlecourt, they were instantly in the common room of Bortz Library. It was, as it always was during exam week, packed. Hampden-Sydney Men were camped out in study rooms and carrels, studying to save their lives. The apparition beckoned him to look over the shoulder of a particular student—his Canvas homepage listed him as having two C’s, a B, and a D. “He’s doing okay,” shrugged the apparition.

Their promenade took them to the rhetoric studio, where more students languished, and up through a whirling stream of dorms and houses along Fraternity Circle. Some students were drinking, a couple getting stoned, but most were studying. More

than some were sleeping like rocks. There was a different air about campus; the change wasn’t immediately identifiable, but something was undeniably not what Dr. Stimpert had felt in the Hampden-Sydney of yore. Suddenly, he was walking along a pathway of images: admissions material, pictures from around campus. There he saw what he remembered from his last excursion—they exuded the old, preppy attitude of the school. They were wry but knowledgeable. It was like facing a fire and feeling the cold behind you. All he heard from the apparition was a sigh.

Before Dr. Stimpert could ruminate on this, he was whisked away to his living room once more. It was five til one. At 1:00 and fifty-nine seconds, a hooded figure stood before him. It didn’t speak. It grasped his arm and they blinked into a sunny street.

Dr. Stimpert was at an SEC school, by the looks of it. Men in Pit Viper sunglasses strutted by. “I got an easy B on that test, the notes weren’t that hard to sneak in,” one was

mumbling, “I wrote ‘em on the inside of my leg.” Dr. Stimpert squinted. They were walking out of Pauley Science Center. “Dr. Sipe didn’t notice, at least.”

He couldn’t believe it—this was Hampden-Sydney! The cold air he had previously felt had turned to biting chill. The hooded figure led him through big buildings and lecture halls—yes, lecture halls! The classes were big, and the students were on their phones. Bits of that old feeling remained, straining, but muffled. He shuddered.

The hood leaned down to his level. Dr. Stimpert peered into it—he could make something out! Within the folds of black, far away yet eerily close, was—yes—the cover of the Swagalog. Dr. Stimpert shuddered, and he was back in Middlecourt. It was five til two.

On his coffee table were two books: that very Swagalog and a copy of *To Manners Born, To Manners Bred*. “Good Men and Good Citizens, in an Atmosphere of Sound Learning,” he breathed, and reached for the latter.